

The dark side of life

Story: The dark side of life

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Summary: Mostly IsaacMia, some JennaGaret, IvanSheba. Isaac is doubting which side he is on. WARNING: There is a 5050 chance this won't be updated for seven weeks. I'm going to Camp and not sure if kids allowed on computers.

***Chapter 1*: The dark side of life**

DESTINY AWAITS

Prologue: Destiny begins

A solitary boy stood atop a lighthouse looking across all of wayward. Above him he could see the sky's beauty that can only truly be seen as the orb that is the sun dims from a fierce, blinding yellow ball in the sky to a magical, orange orb that signals that it's counterpart shall soon rise cooling the world below it. Only the best artists can grasp such sights with their magical ability of art that can only be beaten by the wise one who makes the paints the canvas of the sky. But the wise one must be screaming now as dark blots form ruining his beautiful work of art. If you saw them you would know immediately that they could not be clouds. Even during a hurricane they would not look so dark and hateful. Suddenly the blots expanded in size blocking all beauty from the atmosphere. The sky, angered by the presence, fired powerful rays of light. Having seen this many times by both forces of nature and his friends Ivan and Sheba he strained his ears for the noise that would follow. The noise that he did hear was a faint hum that grew louder and louder yet as it grew louder it became more and more relaxing.

A warrior should always be on alert and this warrior was no exception. Every night his mind would grow an awareness of his surroundings that no normal human being could do with their eyes. It was a great substitute to dreaming. He hated dreaming. To him a dream was something he could not obtain. Every dream would become a nightmare in this sense. So as he slept his mind was neither happy nor sad. It just existed. He was a being who did not matter. He had his

duty to the gods, to aid his allies. When time aloud he would sleep an entire eight hours but never more.

He had let his guard his father had been swept away by the boulder and supposedly died. He let his guard down to console the female adept from Imil and he had found more that there were still emotions he had yet to understand. She was crying for a member of her tribe. Alex was like a brother to her but nothing more. It wasn't the fact that she was crying, it was when she grabbed onto him for support he felt emotions that he shouldn't have felt. Anger towards Alex for turning on a friend as great as this girl, respect towards this girl for her courage and compassion, the need to make sure no more harm came to this girl, and a feeling in his diaphragm that went to his manhood enlarging it. The feeling grew as his hug lowered to her waist. He had stopped himself at that point and allowed her to cry her remaining tears. He had never felt that feeling but needless to say he felt it because he had left himself vulnerable.

But this humming reminded him of his mother, Dora, and how she used to hum him to sleep. The humming beckoned him to close his eyes and he happily obliged.

Fate was a cruel, cruel thing. Tears threatened to fall but he would not allow himself to cry. He felt as though what he now saw, no matter how impossible it would have been, was his entire fault. He had relaxed when the world needed him the most and this was the result. The sky looked like someone had taken an eraser and taken all of it away, which actually looked worse than before. Before was like someone had died, you would continue living now was you dieing. You couldn't do a thing. He turned his attention to wayward, his beautiful land, sea, and air that he had ran and rode across...ruined.

Tears threatened again to fall yet he would not cry. He would be like his element. Cold, hard, emotionless. Rocks could not be hurt. Rocks were strong. He was the strong. He was one with his element. He drained himself of any emotion. He could do that. Emotions were pointless. He had to learn how to let go when around his group especially Mia. When he thought about her it lead to useless thoughts of how well she would fit in his arms and sometimes what was under those robes. Useless thoughts. He would find them and together they would reverse this. Isaac brought together all his courage for this moment. He had avoided it like a coward but now it was time he came to his senses. Tears rolled down his face burning his burning his face like acid. There was no other place they could be. Are they down there? NO! They survived. Felix...I still need to help guide you and tell you what to do to as our leader. Garret...my best friend. Did you die flirting with Jenna? Jenna...did you realize how much Garret loved you, truly cared for you? Ivan...my sage, what should I do? I need your keen mind to help me through this mess. Sheba...are you still admiring how smart and kind Ivan is? Did you ever look at him with more than admiration? NO THEY ARE ALIVE! SHUT-UP ISAAC! JUST...STOP! Piers...I wish you had talked to us; you were a good guy. I wish I knew you better. Mia...Mia...Mia... please if...anyone... survived...let it be you. WHO DID THIS!

He stormed the remaining steps to the top of the lighthouse searching for any clue to what happened. An old emotion returned. Guilt. He had recently inherited the powers of the golden sun and then...this...happens. Had he done this? NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! HE DID NOT DO THIS! The tower was like the rest except this one had eight colored statues instead of four. Seven were on the part of the light house that you can view the sea and one stood at the top of the stairs ten feet from the dark pit that's purpose was to cradle which ever star was thrown in. The seven statues

on the ledge were yellow, red, red, blue, purple, purple, and blue. The one opposing them was pure black. "Isaac, please listen to us!" The boy stared at the statues; he could have sworn he heard them say his name. They couldn't have... could they? It wasn't *impossible* was it? "You can still stop this madness! Please we're your friends!" The black statue laughed. "I need no friends," it whispered before unleashing a wave of swords. Felix tried to block using granite but nothing of this earth could stand such an attack and so all except one fell to their doom. Mia regained her stance, she locked eyes with her killer, and through her tears she let her voice murmur one word, "why?" He answered her with another attack. A tornado erupted from the pier pushing her off.

Isaac couldn't believe what he just saw. That man just took everything he had left. He felt empty inside but this was much worse than before. He was alone now. They were right there! HE COULD HAVE SAVED THEM! THIS WAS ALL HIS FAULT! Isaac felt power come to him; a power beyond all comprehension but none of this mattered now. All that mattered was that Isaac felt his blade go through that man and he felt his blood on his hands. Angrily he ascended to his feet. "You BAS-TARD!" Isaac ran at the man, Sol Blade raised, intent on cutting this asshole in half. The man turned just in time to grab Isaac's powerful arm and pull around to his back. Even with all this power in him Isaac was still weak. He would always be weak. Isaac wanted to scream but would not give him the satisfaction. HE WOULD NOT BREAK! He had felt so much pain in his life both physical and emotional the only difference was that he now had to deal with both. He lost those most dear to him and now he was powerless to avenge them. "You don't need them. Stop fighting." "NEVER! YOU KILLED THEM! I...WILL...MAKE...YOU...PAY!" Isaac broke free from his captive. His arm was broken making the Sol Blade useless. He let his treasured sword drop to the ground

not caring what happened to it or himself for that matter then turned to face his opponent. He stood five feet seven, wore black armor that was complemented by his red cape and white spikes that stretched up a foot each firmly planted on his shoulder-blades, he wore spiked gloves and on his chest were six holes each having a colored rim. The colors were white, black, blue, green, red, and yellow. Each one was glowing on it's inside except for one which was filled up by the Luna star. His eyes were two orbs that glowed a beautiful blue color that whilst his armor told another story showed hope and peace. His hair spiked up and was the same color as Isaac's. "You're...you're..." "You?" I nod my head not knowing what else to do. It really was my fault they are dead. He grabs at his chest, yanks the Luna star then tosses it to me. I catch it out of reflex. I don't care that he approaches me or that he pushes me down the hole. My body erupts in pain and dissipates before my very eyes. But I'm glad he has done this I deserve this pain. It feels like hell is engulfing me but I guess that's where I belong; in hell.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!" I awake; it was a dream. "Isaac? You alright?" I swallow, "Yeah, I'm alright." "It's not your fault, he didn't die because of you." That's right my dad is dead. I have seen him die twice but this time was much worse. The first time I did not get to say goodbye. The second time I refused to. He died in bed, too weak to go on. They told me I sat there for an entire night and a day, hoping that he would live. Felix and Jenna got their parents back. I hoped that I would be as lucky. You should let go of the past because nothing will ever be the same in the future. In the past I had my mother and father. When I began the quest I wanted to do stop the bad guys but I realized that in the end I killed two people on the good side. Does that make me a monster? Yes, it does. Garret has gone back to bed. I am Isaac, I am eighteen, I am guilty of killing my father, I am guilty of ruining seven adepts' lives, and I am a monster.